

he received was at once rolled up and put aside
in a drawer ;
he liked to have everything spick and span,
and it was he
himself who attended to virtually all the
menage of his
Parisian and country workrooms.

About 1893 a "confession" of the drawing-
room order
was extracted from Zola, and on consulting ifc
one finds
him stating that his favourite colour (like
Daudet's) was
red and Ms favourite flower the rose, though
he also had
a taste for peonies and dahlias, which he grew
in profusion
at M6dan. Contrary to Daudet, who expressed
a liking for
no animals or birds whatever, he declared
that he liked
them all* Work, he wrote, was Ms favourite
occupation,
while his dream of happiness was to do
nothing. The
quality he preferred in man was kind-
heartedness, in woman
tenderness. His favourite authors, painters, and
composers
were those who saw and expressed things
clearly. His
favourite heroes and heroines in fiction were
those who
were not heroes or heroines; in real life, those
who earned
their "bread. The greatest misfortune he knew
was to re-
main in doubt respecting anything; the
historical characters
he most despised were traitors ; the gift lie
most desired to
possess was eloquence; and the way he would
like to die
was "suddenly."

Of one longing which possessed Zola for
several years
there is no mention in the "confession";
neither is it indi-

cated in Dr. Toulouse's "Enquête." But its nature and its consequences must be stated here. Eminent writers have more than once laid down the rule that if in writing an account of any living individual it is best to preserve reticence and avoid everything offensive, on the other hand it is essential that the biographer of one who is dead and gone